

The Superscope Story Teller™

PRESENTS

Alice in Wonderland

The
Mad Hatter's Tea Party

A
SUPERSCOPE®
PRODUCTION







Alice ⁱⁿ Wonderland

The Mad Hatter's Tea Party

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with music of the Great Masters

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ADAPTED FROM THE ORIGINAL
"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" BY LEWIS CARROLL





The tiny house stood in the middle of a lovely clover patch. The morning dew seemed to radiate the sun's rays as though the small structure had been surrounded by thousands of diamonds. Before approaching the little dwelling place, Alice stopped to ponder over all that had happened to her.

It was only yesterday that she'd accidentally entered this strange land after chasing a white rabbit into a large rabbit hole and falling down a deep well. She had been following the rabbit up until a short time ago, when he'd managed to slip away from her.

Alice took a step toward the miniature home and hesitated. "I might frighten whoever lives here if they see how big I am. I will have to become smaller."

In her hands, Alice held two pieces of magic mushroom she'd discovered earlier. She found that if she ate from the left-hand portion she would grow taller, and from the right she'd grow smaller.



Alice began to nibble from the right-hand portion and, in no time at all, she shrank to a height of nine inches.



As she approached the house she noticed the most extraordinary noise coming from within. The constant howling and sneezing was so great that it rattled the windows. Every so often Alice heard a loud crash, as if a dish had been broken. But this only seemed to increase her curiosity.



Alice opened the door and walked inside. The entrance led right into a kitchen. The Duchess sat in the middle, holding a baby. A cook was in the corner, stirring a large cauldron filled with soup. She stopped quite frequently to pepper it, and the smell was in the air so heavily that it caused the Duchess and Baby to sneeze. Even Alice could not help herself.



“Aaachooo!”



The only two creatures who did not sneeze were the Cook and a large cat, which was sitting on the hearth of the oven, grinning from ear to ear. Alice was puzzled at this and timidly spoke to the Duchess.

"If you wouldn't mind, could you please tell me why your cat grins like that?"

"It's a Cheshire Cat and that's why."

"I didn't realize that cats could grin."

"All cats can grin, little girl, and most of 'em do."

"I don't know of any that do."

"You don't know much and that's a fact."

Alice didn't appreciate the last remark and decided to change the subject. But, before she could say anything, the Cook removed the soup from the fire, and at once began throwing everything within reach at the Duchess.

The Duchess was showered by an assortment of saucepans, plates, and dishes. Alice became alarmed at the attack and protested as loudly as she could.

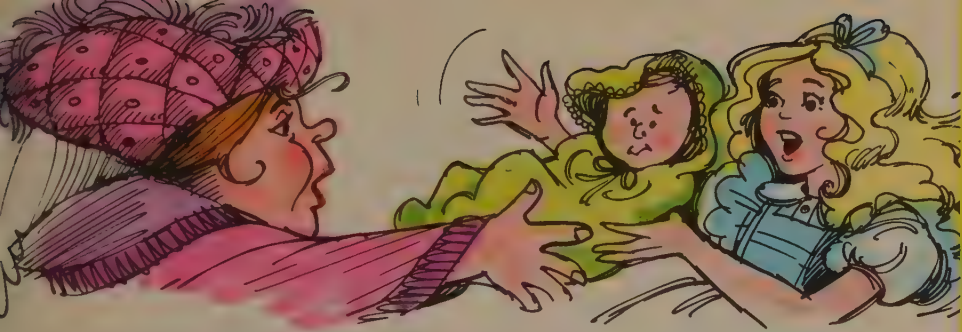
"Oh please, mind what you are doing! You're liable to hurt somebody!"





The Cook did not respond, but kept throwing whatever she could get her hands on. Finally, it was the Duchess who spoke to Alice.

"If everyone minded their own business the world would go around a lot faster."



Suddenly, the Duchess flung the Baby at Alice.

"Here, you may feed it if you like, I've got to get ready to play croquet with the Queen."



She dipped a bottle into the pot of soup and handed it to Alice. As the Duchess hurried out of the room, the Cook threw a pan at her.

But, it missed and hit the floor.





Alice looked at the strange baby in her arms.
“They’ll certainly destroy you if I don’t take you away from here.”

Alice was surprised when the Baby grunted in reply.

“My, you certainly have a peculiar way of expressing yourself.”

As she walked out the door the Baby grunted again, and Alice closely examined the child to see what was troubling it. She noticed that the Baby's nose looked more like a snout than a real nose, and that its eyes were getting extremely small.

The creature grunted again and Alice was concerned.

"If you're going to turn into a pig I shall have nothing more to do with you."



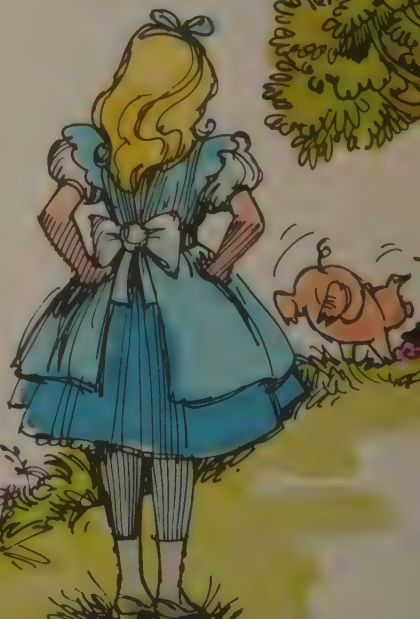


Alice continued to walk for some distance when the creature squealed so violently that Alice looked down in alarm.

“Why, you are a pig! I refuse to carry you any further!”

She set the animal down and was relieved to see it disappear into the woods.

“If that creature had grown up, it would have been an extremely ugly child, but I think it makes a rather handsome pig. I have some friends who might do well as pigs...”





“MEOW.”

“Oh!”

Alice was startled to see the Cheshire Cat sitting on the limb of a nearby tree. The cat grinned when he saw the girl. Alice thought that he seemed good-natured enough, but when she saw his many sharp teeth and long claws she decided to speak respectfully to the animal.





"Cheshire Puss, would – would you please tell me which way I ought to walk from here?"

"That depends a great deal upon where you want to go."

"I don't think I really care."

"Then it really doesn't matter which way you walk."

Alice thought this was an odd way for a cat to act, but because she believed he might have something important to say, Alice continued to question him.

"Tell me then, what sort of people live around here?"

"The Mad Hatter lives to the right, and the March Hare lives to the left. Visit either, if you like; they're both mad."

"But I don't want to be with mad people."

"Oh, you can't help that . . . we're all mad. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad, puss?"

"You must be, or you wouldn't have come here."



Alice didn't think the Cheshire Cat's answer was a very good one, but before she could change the subject the creature abruptly disappeared. Alice, however, was not surprised, because she was getting used to strange things happening.

While she was examining the spot where the cat had been, he suddenly appeared again.

"By the way, what became of the baby? I'd nearly forgotten to ask."

"It turned into a pig."

"I thought it would."



The cat vanished again,
and Alice started to walk
down the path. She had not
gone far when she happened
to look up, and notice the
cat had reappeared in
another tree.

“Did you say pig, or fig?”

“I said pig, and I wish
you’d stop appearing and
vanishing so suddenly,
you’re making me
nervous.”

“Very well.”



This time the cat faded away quite slowly, beginning with the end of his tail, and ending with the grin. Alice looked at the large smile, which remained for some time after the rest of the cat had vanished.

"Well, I've observed a cat without a grin before, but never a grin without a cat. It's the most curious thing I've ever seen."

Alice continued on the trail and soon came to the March Hare's house. The Hare and the Mad Hatter were sitting at a table in front of the home, having tea.

Between them was a Dormouse, who was fast asleep; and the two were resting their elbows on him, while talking over his head.

It was a large table and the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. As Alice came near, the two protested.

"No room..."

"No room!"



"Why, there's plenty of room for me."

Alice seated herself while the two continued their conversation.

Finally, the March Hare spoke to her.

"Have some ice cream."

Alice excitedly looked around the table, but discovered there was none. She tried not to show her disappointment as she spoke to the Hare.

"I don't see any ice cream."

"That's because there isn't any."

"Then it wasn't very nice of you to offer it."

"Well, it wasn't very nice of you to sit down without being invited."





The Hatter and the Hare continued their conversation, while Alice thought over a good answer for this. Before she could say anything,

the Mad Hatter pulled out a watch and looked closely at it.

"What day of the month is it, young lady?"

"I believe it's the fourth."

"Hmmm, two days wrong."





“Let me see.”

The March Hare took the watch and examined it; then he dipped it into his cup of tea.

After stirring it several times he looked at the watch again, nodding in agreement.

Alice had been watching this with some curiosity, and gave the Mad Hatter a puzzled look.





"What a funny watch. It tells the day of the month and doesn't tell what o'clock it is."

"Why should it? Does your watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not, but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time."

"Which is just the case with mine, young lady."



Alice was confused by the Hatter's remark. He was speaking English, but seemed to be making no sense at all. She pointed at the watch.

"I don't think..."

"Then you shouldn't talk."

This rudeness was more than Alice could take; so she stood up from the table and walked off. Neither of the others took notice of her, however, because they were busy trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.





Alice was quickly on her way down the path, and as she came to a turn, she stopped to look back at the house.

"I should hope that I will never be as rude as those two. That was the silliest tea party I've ever been to in all my life, and I don't think they could've invited anyone who would have enjoyed it... except perhaps one."



Alice thought of the Duchess and how clumsy she was with the Baby.

Alice giggled as she recalled the eye-watering smell of the Cook's peppered soup. She knew that she would never again complain about the food in her own home, or be jealous of the love her baby brother received.





She had just rounded the corner
when she noticed something on the ground.

"It's a small glove . . . why I recognize this,
it belongs to the White Rabbit! I thought I'd
lost him, but I've been following him all along.
Maybe I can still catch him!"

Alice continued along the path, happy that she'd discovered the trail of the one creature who had managed to elude her. She was on her way to whatever new adventures might await her in this curious Wonderland.



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